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LYRIC GEMS

No. 1

COLLECTION OF
VERSE
OF THE
GREAT WORLD
WAR

—BY—

HANNAH CRUESS COATES

Published by the New America Publishing Co.
Oakland, California

Price, 25 Cents



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DEDICATION:

*To "Our Boys"—and for the uplifting of humanity—
these verses are lovingly dedicated. Written by the
mother of an enlisted soldier-boy, 'tis hoped they will prove
a comfort as well as a pleasure to those who read them,
and be kept as a Souvenir of the Great World War.*

THE AUTHOR.



APR 24 1919

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THE DOVE OF PEACE

The Dove of Peace was hovering
'Twixt the earth and sky;
It sought to find a resting place,
But no resting place was nigh.

Beneath it were the battlefields,
With thunderous sounds of war.
Above it stretched the heavens blue,
That echoed back the roar.

The Dove of Peace passed sadly on
To resume its weary flight;
Upon the shell-torn battlefield
There was no place to light.

For weeks and months it hovered
O'er a land in sore distress;
Then it flew across the ocean,
For help to bring success.

There it met our great big Eagle,
Who volunteered its aid;
Then it found a resting place
When the Armistice was made.

BE LOYAL TO YOUR COUNTRY

Our Country is depending on a word five letters spell,
Something that we all can be: 'tis L-O-Y-A-L.
L stands for Liberty, we so dearly prize.
O for the Offer, we make or sacrifice.
Y stands for You, to be faithful and true,
A for the Aim, we nobly keep in view.
L for Love of country, home and peace,
And the prayerful Longing for all war to cease.

REFRAIN: Be Loyal to your Country,
For united we stand.
Some may give their service,
Some may till the land.
In every work or station
There's something to do.
Keep the banner floating o'er you,
The Red—White—and—Blue.

All the States of the Union are one big family,
And show their love for Uncle Sam by their Loyalty.
Broad, expansive acres were planted well to seed
To supply the Nation, there was no lack or need.
Heroes at the front, left their loved ones behind—
Heroes at home were helping all mankind.
Rich and poor gave freely, together did unite;
And that is why we conquered, and the world set right.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE TOOK A LONG FLIGHT

The American Eagle took a long flight;
He went on the warpath ready to fight.
It takes a big bird longer to get under way;
But after he got started he soon won the day.
His beak and his talons were the swords and guns;
His wings, our great fleet after the Huns;
His heart, the courage of the men in the fight
To protect our Country, and defend the right.

The American Eagle took a long flight.
Facing the East,
After the Beast.
Now he's back home,
No longer to roam,
Victorious in the great fight.

He's just the right bird to represent our Nation;
He flies at the head of each army station.
King of our Country, and King of the air—
Gave us Liberty here, fought for it "Over There."
He flies high as a symbol of might and power,
Elevates true manhood to the needs of the hour.
How we prize this Victory that ends the cruel war—
May it be a lasting Peace, when men shall fight no more!

IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME

(You'll know my promise I've kept)

On the eve before his departure,
By the side of his mother he sat;
'Twas the last and only time they had
To have a heart-to-heart chat.
She gave him a small Bible,
Marked with pencil here and there.
"Promise me son you will read this book
And look up to Him in prayer.
You will meet with many temptations,
As out in this world you go;
But whenever you are tempted
Have courage, my boy, to say 'No'."

REFRAIN: A loving embrace was the answer,
A kiss on the tear-stained face;
Just a response from the heart
When the tongue refused to speak.
Then gently she heard him say:
"Dear Mother, don't worry and fret,
I promise all that you ask of me;
Your words I shall never forget;
I hope some day to return to you,
But this comfort you may accept:
If anything should happen to me,
You'll know my promise I've kept."

Somewhere a boy remembers
The promise he made to keep;
And feels a mother's blessing
Ere he lays him down to sleep.
Somewhere a mother is resting
At the end of a long, long day,
And offers a prayer in silence
For the boy far, far away.
Though her heart is heavy with sorrow,
There is joy in the faith she holds
Of the boy who gave her his promise,
As back to memory it rolls.

MOTHER, DEAR, GOOD-BYE

A soldier-boy was going away,
How sad it was on that parting day.
Leaving a dear, fond mother behind;
Breaking the ties which love did bind.
"Be good, dear boy," she softly said,
"And whether living or whether dead,
We will meet some day on the other shore,
Where partings like this will be no more.

Refrain:

"Mother, dear, good-bye; there now, do not cry.
'Tis hard to part, it 'most breaks the heart;
I must haste for the moments fly.
I'll think of you and home, though far away I roam,
When the war is o'er we will part no more;
So, Mother dear, good-bye."

On a lowly couch the mother lay;
Slowly her life was slipping away.
Months have passed, she has seen little joy
Since she parted with her soldier-boy.
Day after day her heart did yearn,
Patiently waiting for his return.
With fleeting breath she seems to hear
Those words that he spoke so sweet and clear.

Refrain.

On the battlefield the soldier lay;
Slowly his life was ebbing away;
While thoughts of home filled his mind,
And the dear, kind mother that he left behind.
Little he knew she had gone before,
To welcome him over on the other shore.
He recalls the scene of that parting day,
And softly he was heard to say:

Refrain.

HURRAH FOR UNCLE SAM'S BOYS

Our boys have been adopted
By their Uncle for a while;
He dressed them all in uniforms
Of governmental style.
So neatly clad with helmet
Was the bird-man of the air;
While others, dressed in khaki,
Went forth to do and dare.

Refrain:

Right about face:
Each one was in his place,
Ready for the call to go
Over the top to fight the foe.
Loyal, brave and true,
They went for me and you.
We sent them on with smile and song
And a prayer for Victory strong.
Peace again on earth has come,
They have conquered now the Hun.
For they did more than make a noise,
Hurrah for Uncle Sam's Boys!

Upon our massive warship
Is the sailor-lad in blue,
Without his faithful service
Whatever would we do?
And the soldier of the land and sea,
In blue or forest-green:
He's the minute-man for Uncle Sam,
That daring, brave Marine!

SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

In days of happy childhood,
When all the world seemed fair,
Proudly he waved the Stars and Stripes,
And sang the national air.
While gathered with his schoolmates,
Oh, how his voice would ring!
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.

And when he grew to manhood
We gazed on him with pride;
Then 'twixt his home and country
He was called on to decide;
Nobly he then went forward
For a cause he knew was right.
Sweet Land of Liberty,
For thee I'll fight.

Across the briny ocean,
Far in a foreign land,
Side by side the Allies,
Bravely he took his stand.
'Mid shot and shell in battle
He sees Old Glory fly,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
For thee I'll die.

Refrain:

Sweet Land of Liberty
For which our fathers fought.
The sons of freemen all proclaim
It shall not come to naught.
Then on they went to battle
With the Stars and Stripes unfurled
Once more they won a Victory,
And peace for the world.

THEY SANG OF HOME SWEET HOME

Hark! 'twas the bugle sounding,
And time to break up camp.
With faces now turned homeward
The soldier-boys all tramp.
Oh! how the drums were beating
To give a cheerful start!
The bugler gave the welcome call
That thrilled each beating heart!
They all stepped out so manly,
In their orderly array,
As they thought of "home sweet home"
And of loved ones far away.
All through the day they marched
Till came the soft twilight;
Then pitched their tents, again to rest
Their weary limbs for the night.

Refrain:

Left, right, left! Left, right, left!
How the soldiers tramp!
Left, right, left! Left, right, left!
Now they march to camp.
And 'round the campfire gathered,
No more that day to roam,
While all joined in the chorus—
They sang of "Home Sweet Home."
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home,
While all joined in the chorus,
They sang of "Home Sweet Home."

As time on wings kept passing
Great sorrow did descend;
But e'en the very longest day
Will always have an end.
So 'round about the soldiers sat
By the cheerful campfire blaze—
The last night out and homeward bound,
They sang sweet songs of praise.
Alas! some comrades bravely fell
And home will not return—
Such is the cruel sting of war
That makes aching hearts to yearn.
Some day such strife will end
And wars forever cease.
Then the silvery notes of the bugle
Will always be for Peace.

THE SOLDIER'S REVERY

'Tis evening on the campground
And my thoughts do freely roam;
I forget the boys around me,
For I'm thinking now of home.
I can see the family circle
And the path that went zig-zag;
In memory dear they still keep me near,
With a little service flag.
There's a halo of love about me,
In the stillness of the air,
When I know that I'm remembered
At home each day in prayer.
Could I send up my heart's response
To the evening star above,
You would see in its twinkle, twinkle
My heartbeats filled with love.

Refrain:

Beautiful star of twilight,
Above in the heaven's blue.
When I said good-bye you were there in the sky,
Shining so brightly in view.
Though now from them I'm parted
By the rolling, restless sea,
Your light still shines on those at home;
Your light still shines on me.

Sweet memory of the home land
That I now in fancy see;
There never, never was a time
It meant so much to me.
For as I sit and ponder
And backward I look,
The thought I feel, the things I see
Would almost fill a book.
I have hundreds of comrades about me
And my Pal is a fine, brave lad;
Yet I long tonight to just have a word
With you, Mother dear, and Dad.
The stars that idly shine above
Are like old friends to see;
The Big Dipper and Orion, too,
Are still looking down on me.

'TIS THE SAME YARN AS OF OLD

In a neat and cozy cottage
Lives a girlie dear I know;
I always found her knitting--
How I've watched her fingers go!
Said she "To keep you busy
Some work for you I'll find;
Now while I hold the skein up so
You can help me wind."

Refrain:

'Tis a long, long time a-winding
To reach the end of the skein;
While my heartstrings keep entwining
'Round sly Cupid's rein.
There they seem to be entangled
As love's message is told;
And I keep on winding, winding--
'Tis the same yarn as of old.

She's been knitting for a brother
And for me, her sweetheart, too;
She has knitted for the other boys
In khaki and in blue.
Now that the war is over
This work again I'll find--
She says she will always knit for me
And I can help her wind.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN CUBA

Oh, how our boys were scattered
From our homes and fireside!
In khaki suits they traveled
About the world so wide.
Some went across the ocean,
And we said "They're *Over There*,"
But my boy was sent to Cuba,
The land of sunshine fair.

Refrain:

Away down south in Cuba,
Where the drowsy honey-bee
Finds the fragrant blossoms
'Mid the palm and cocoanut tree.
Said he in his letter:
"You don't know how glad I am
Away down south in Cuba,
Training hard for Uncle Sam."

Where days of golden sunshine
Bring balmy nights of rest,
There the boys were waiting
For a call to do their best.
On they followed dear Old Glory
And they went for you and me
And for their loved Country—
To help make the whole world free.

NEW AMERICA

Waft on the gentle breezes,
Across the ocean wave,
Goes forth the voice of mourning
For the lives our Country gave.
What comes of all this sacrifice,
Of grief and bitter tears?
Ah, lo! a vision comes to us,
A NEW AMERICA appears.

Across the broad Atlantic
Thy flag has been unfurled.
May peace always and brotherhood
Live throughout the world.
Minds have been made broader,
More tender hearts through pain,
A greater New America
To us has been the gain.

Land of Freedom, we adore thee,
For Peace and Liberty you stand.
Thy noble sons have fought for thee,
Far in a foreign land.
Out of pain and sorrow,
In which all have shared some,
We look for a bright tomorrow,
A NEW AMERICA has come.

MEMORIAL HYMN

- Past*— Looking backward to the time,
 Before our boys were called to go,
We never thought War's cruel hand
 Would break our homes up so.
The boys we raised to manhood
 That went and came each day,
With all life's work before them—
 For their Country marched away.
- Present*— Now some lie in foreign lands,
 Across the ocean far and wide;
And some sleep on American soil—
 For Freedom's cause they died.
The voice we loved so well to hear
 Is now forever still;
In many homes there's a vacant place
 No other one can fill.
- Future*— Year by year will time roll on
 And soothe each aching heart.
A star of gold, his name inscribed,
 Will show he done his part.
A tyrant has been conquered,
 And Freedom's hand shall reign,
With Countries more united—
 They have not died in vain.



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